UNITY

FREEDOM FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor 1880-1918)

Editors

John Haynes Holmes Francis Neilson

The Sin of Privilege

By H. R. MUSSEY

The Machine of Europe

By JOHN W. HERRING

Josefa, the Lithuanian Peasant

By ALINA HUEBSCH

Dr. Hale Twenty Years Ahead

By LUCIA AMES MEAD

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JOHN HAYNES HOLMES : Editors : FRANCIS NEILSON

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. XCII. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1924 NUMBER 23

MAHATMA GANDHI—THE APPEAL OF A CHRIST

We doubt whether in Europe or America there is any publicist with a character so lofty, with such passion for truth and righteousness, and the reading of the book ("Young India") gives us a high conception also, of the character and the spirituality of the people who are so profoundly moved by Gandhi's utterances.

Here are no appeals to hatred, no stirring of the baser passions of men. He makes almost the appeal of a Christ to the moral and spiritual nature. Set these utterances beside any popular figure in Europe and the moral superiority of the Indian appears incontestible.

. . . we are proud of humanity when we remember that one man made so high an appeal, and so many millions responded to it. Gandhi's movement appears to have failed for the moment. But there are failures that are nobler than any victories. If one fails without having lost character, without doing a base deed, without lying or hatred in his heart, it is a failure over which Heaven might shout praises.

If our physical-force movement succeeded here and the State rose up dripping with blood and on the ruined character of its people, would it be any triumph in the divine eyes? We doubt it. We wish Ireland had a Gandhi and a people who would listen to so great a prophet.

—Æ.

It is well to keep in mind that there is only one ultimate force that can be used in the settlement of disputes, and that is moral force. There is only one court of last appeal, and that is the court of public opinion. Agreements, international and otherwise, have but one cementing element and that is the moral integrity of the contracting parties. An appeal to physical force settles nothing. Slavery went not because of the Civil War, but because it was wrong. Armies and navies cannot establish permanently an evil institution, and, by the same token, they cannot destroy one. These things go out of our social life because they cannot live in a social order that repudiates them. Even the police have no authority because they are police but because they represent that which the community recognizes as just. Armies only have such power as they have because ideals are called to their aid. We aroused the nation to fight by an appeal to a moral ideal. We are now realizing that no moral ideal can be sustained by force of arms. Peace among nations will come only as it is recognized that all reliance upon anything other than the power of ideas in the hearts of men is futile. Democracy presupposes that every question can be stated in moral terms. The only division on such questions that has any meaning must rest on differences in opinion in regard to the relation of these questions to public welfare. These facts seem to us self-evident. They are a part of the history of mankind. And yet we have the spectacle of ministers of religion insisting that civilization depends on force of arms and appealing to material power to support their aims. Therefore there remains the great task of convincing men that moral power is the only real power in the affairs of men to shape and mould the destiny of the race.

It is popular in some quarters to sneer at the Declaration of Independence and particularly at the affirmation that "all men are created equal." It is pointed out that some men are tall and some are short; that some have much hair and some have less; and then it is triumphantly said, "Of course men are not created equal." We cheerfully admit the fact as to stature, hair, and such like things. We even admit that some men can learn the multiplication table much quicker than others. It is also true that some have the gift of languages and others not. Some men are artists and others not. Some men have mechanical ingenuity and others not. The capacity for storing a long list of historical dates and other intellectual impedimenta differs in different persons. Some men are stupid while others are bright and mentally alert. There is no question about these facts. We admit them all. We would even say that, in all probability, there are no two people in all the world having equal mental ability. But we must remember that the famous Declaration is primarily a political document. It deals with political rights and duties. In any given community, where rests the ultimate power of all the government, but in the people themselves? When they are assembled, where is there the power that is going to place men of differing ability in their proper position? Who is going to say that the judgment of any one man is essentially better than that of any other? In fact there is no such tribunal and from the nature of the case there cannot be. The brilliant man may be wrong, as he often is, and the stupid man may be right in any given case. We agree that in matters of detail we turn to the man who knows. But in matters of general governmental policy, we must accept the opinion of the people as a whole. It may not be as enlightened as we might wish, but such as it is we

must for the time accept it. A government by the wise would be as impossible as a government by fools. For political purposes men are and must be considered as equals. On this basis of equality we stand!

There seems to be some question as to who is responsible for the welcome release of Gandhi from prison on February 4th. The first reports indicated that this was the action of the Labor government, and that one more great achievement, like that of the recognition of Soviet Russia, was to be placed to the credit of Macdonald and his associates. Later advices announced that the order for the Mahatma's release originated with the Bombay government, and that Mr. Olivier, the new Secretary of State for India, had nothing more to do with the matter than merely to transmit and secure authorization for the papers involved. Personally we do not care very much where the truth in this dispute lies, save as it indicates a desire all around to secure credit for this action which we have advocated so long. Furthermore, whatever the exact details of procedure, to Labor belongs the glory, for they endorsed and ordered at once what it is difficult to conceive of Baldwin, Curzon and Company, consenting to without long delay, if indeed at all. Gandhi is free at this moment because Labor is in control at Westminster! The pardon is timely, for news from India in recent weeks has been most disquieting. Gandhi's health has been steadily failing under the depressive influences of prison life. One report states that the Mahatma weighs only ninety-three (93) pounds. Another intimates that he has undergone an operation, and been confined in hospital. Mrs. Gandhi has been quoted as expressing alarm over her husband's condition. Now the great leader is released, taken to the seaside for recuperation—and worry is at an end! Also, the British Empire still lives. That's the curious thing about events of this kind. We are told that they can't be done—the nation would fall, the world would end, the universe would crack. Then they *are* done by some skeptical soul. The political prisoners are released, Russia is recognized, Gandhi is given his freedom. And nothing happens! Everything goes on exactly as before. Only a deed of justice and goodwill has been done, and the world is a sweeter place in which to live.

The release of Gandhi is not the only good news out of India. Equally important, if not so personally interesting, is the announcement, coming to us somewhat belatedly, that the recent Indian Congress voted for the fourth time to adhere to the program of non-violence toward *Swaraj*. At the same time the Congress voted *not* to pursue this policy outside the Empire. The idea of seeking complete and immediate independence was strongly upheld by that dauntless soul, Mohammed Ali, but it was voted down. This action, of course, is a compromise; the No-Changers, or out-and-out Gandhites, have taken a step backward, and the *Das* party of moderates has taken a step forward, so that unity seems assured. The same spirit is seen in the decision to reaffirm the pact adopted at Delhi a year ago, allowing the moderates to stand for election to the councils, unmolested but also unsupported by the Congress. In addition, all the non-co-operation resolutions of the four previous Congresses were adopted. The great significance of these actions is that they hold the party together on the basis of Gandhi's program of non-co-operation and in fidelity to his great ideal of non-violence. The concessions in regard to elections and the relation to the Empire are perhaps not too heavy a price to pay for the avoidance of partisan warfare. But all this is now past history, with Gandhi free, and his leadership certain to master the movement afresh before the meeting of the next Congress. He will have nothing of the councils "either to end or to mend them." As for India and the Empire, he describes "the existing system of government . . . (as) based upon a scientific study of our weaknesses." The next few months will be devoted by Gandhi to his physical recovery. Then will come developments!

To the names of Gandhi and Jane Addams as appropriate, indeed commanding, candidates for the Nobel Peace Prize, certain members of the British Labor Party now add the name of E. D. Morel, M.P., Editor of *Foreign Affairs* (London), and one of the Foreign Representatives on our staff. The memorial to the Norwegian Nobel Committee, signed by such men as J. Ramsay Macdonald, Lord Parmoor, C. P. Trevelyan, F. W. Jowett, Arthur Henderson, Philip Snowden, and Margaret Bondfield, all members of the new Labor Ministry, dwells first on Morel's campaign against the Congo atrocities from 1900 to 1912. It then proceeds:

> From the outbreak of war in 1914 he worked determinedly, and in the face of bitter opposition and persecution, for a means of securing a lasting and early peace, doing his utmost to make known the truth about the war as he saw it and the principles upon which peace could be founded.

Of course, such service as this is no qualification for the Nobel Prize as won by such men for example as Theodore Roosevelt, Elihu Root and Woodrow Wilson. The New York *Times* indicates its astonishment at the audacity of this proposal when it tops its London despatch with the headline, "Propose a Pacifist for the Nobel Prize." Imagine! a "pacifist" for the Nobel Prize! The London *Times,* like its American namesake, can't imagine it. Morel's attitude during the great war, it says, "deeply offended all classes in this country (England)." Of course! this is Morel's claim to being a true peace-maker, isn't it? During the war "all classes" in England were fighting as hard as they could fight, were hating as hard as they could hate, were

given over utterly to militarism. Morel "offended" them—why? Because, in this time of madness, he loved peace and *pursued* it, and therewith set himself straight across the road toward which mankind was sweeping to its ruin. He did it with a hero's courage, and at a martyr's cost. The London *Times,* has proved his case. If there is such a thing as winning a prize on merit, this Nobel Prize belongs to E. D. Morel!

The case against Mr. McAdoo, in the oil scandal, is as simple as it is damnable. The right of this man, as of any other man, to accept a legal retainer for the performance of legal service, is perfectly obvious. But is there anybody in this country so feeble-minded as to believe that Mr. McAdoo was paid $50,000 a year for legitimate work of this kind? Not a bit of it! Mr. Doheny paid Mr. McAdoo this handsome sum because Mr. McAdoo had political influence, could go in by the back-door, could reach important ears with important messages, could pull wires and thus move official puppets. Mr. Doheny knows this, Mr. McAdoo knows it, and the people know it. Hence the close of Mr. McAdoo's public career! But if we condemn, and rightly condemn, Mr. McAdoo in this drastic fashion, what about Mr. Doheny? Why is the one who sells himself, like the street-walker, the only one to be blamed, and never the one who buys? It is high time, it seems to us, that we should recognize in transactions of this character, that there are two sides to every bargain, and that these carry a mutual obligation and hence a mutual responsibility. What Fall, Denby, Roosevelt, McAdoo have done is matched in every particular by what Doheny, Sinclair, and McLean have done. Yet the former are the hunted, and the latter seem only to be accessories to the chase. Why not pursue them all—the tempters as well as the tempted, the buyers as well as the sellers, the big business men as well as the little politicians? Personally, we would like to see a clean sweep of the whole mess. And then, as climax to the whole, a recognition of the fact that it is not merely men who are concerned here, but a principle. The principle that natural wealth belongs to the people, and is to be used by the people. In other words, it is the policy of conservation—or, better still, public ownership—that is at stake here. This must be saved, though all else be lost!

A most amusing situation has developed out of the Bok Peace Plan as a result of the changes which this Plan suggests for the remodeling of the League of Nations Covenant. For months past, now, the League advocates, in attempt to overcome the impact of the Outlawry of War campaign, have been arguing that the way to outlaw war is through the League of Nations. Ex-Justice Clarke, for example, and also Professor Reeves in his debate with Mr. Levinson in the January issue of the *Forum,* both claim that outlawry is effected by Articles 10 and 16 of the League Covenant. It seems queer, in view of this contention, that Viscount Cecil should be preparing a Treaty of Mutual Guaranty to be submitted to the Council of the League at its next session, to the end of declaring aggressive war to be an international crime. What is the occasion of this Treaty if the Covenant already in effect outlaws war as a crime? But we let this pass. Suffice it to emphasize that Mr. Clarke and other League advocates have all been shouting this long time, that the League outlaws war, and that the Levinson-Borah program is therefore supererogatory. Now comes the Bok Prize Peace Plan, approved by Mr. Clarke and his associates, which specifically *provides for the elimination of Articles* 10 *and* 16 *from the Covenant!* In other words, the Plan eliminates those very features of the League which, according to Ex-Justice Clarke, accomplish that very end of branding "war in very truth an 'outlaw'" which Mr. Bok himself commended in his Preface to the Plan. What a farce the whole thing is! Of course, as a matter of fact, the League does not outlaw war. The Bok Plan simply shows up the ridiculousness of such an idea!

The Sin of Privilege

The country has been deeply (and properly) scandalized by testimony in Washington that Mr. Fall received ninety-three thousand dollars from Mr. Sinclair and a hundred thousand from Mr. Doheny. It has been comparatively little moved, however, by testimony that Mr. Doheny expected to make a hundred millions out of the lease so obligingly handed over to him by his old friend. From the standpoint of social stability it is probably a wholesome state of morals that is suggested by the contrast. We have a sharp revulsion against any supposed infraction of the rules of the game. The rules themselves we accept almost without question—and thus it is that society does not fly apart. And yet, in the given case, was it not Mr. Doheny's hundred millions that constituted the basic public wrong, while Mr. Fall's hundred thousand was only an incident, albeit an iniquitous one as reported, in effecting that wrong? We delight to pillory the individual, but we shut our eyes to the social sin of which the individual dereliction is the predestined fruit.

Why should a public resource worth a hundred million dollars under any conditions be subject to gift to a private individual? And if such a gift be possible, by what possible stretch of imagination can it be supposed that men of conscience not too sensitive will not sometimes offer, and public officials of like character will not sometimes accept, bribes in one form or another to effect such transfer? And what informed per-

son does not know that the history of American government, as indeed of all government if it be examined on that side, will be found to tell the same tale of special opportunity conferred on favored individuals by others who for the time being wield the power of the state? It is good that we condemn the bribe-taker, and no less the bribe-giver; but if we do no more, we simply run around in the same old circle of fraud and futility, with an occasional spasm of righteous indignation when the fraud is uncovered. Today we are only repeating the old Credit Mobilier scandal of half a century ago, and it is hard to see that we have moved forward greatly in that period. Truly we need to establish and maintain the highest possible standard of individual righteousness, but we need no less urgently to abjure our social sin, and that is no easy task.

Personal moral problems have a way of presenting themselves more or less austerely, sometimes even as clear-cut questions of right and wrong, to which the individual may for himself give a clear-cut reply. But social sin offers no such easy problem. The individual, caught in the intricate web of social life, can find no solution of that problem except at risk of rending the web, with consequences that may well be even more serious than those that he would escape from. Sometimes, indeed, the case becomes so clear-cut that he is prepared to take even that risk. The monstrous sin of war, for example, has become so manifest that some of us are forever done with it, at whatever cost to the social organization of which we are a part. But that in itself is no solution of the war question. War will continue for all of us. In most cases, moreover, the matter is not simple, manifest, one-sided. The business man enmeshed in the manifold iniquities of the profits system cannot in reason say, "I will have no part or lot in them." For he remembers that his function, in Ruskin's fine phrase, is to provide for the state, and that if he breaks away from the system of economic relations now existing, he cannot perform that function. At best, then, he will compromise with things as they are, in order that he may continue to feed and provide the people; he will maintain his personal integrity unspotted, but he will not cease to be a business man. The expiation and cleansing of social sin must be, in last analysis, the act of individuals, but it must be a social, not an individual act, and the basis of social action must be understanding and intelligence.

Historically, perhaps the basic social sin is privilege. Economically, it has expressed itself in the attempt to get something for nothing, to compel one part of humanity to serve another for that other's good. Slavery, serfdom, and the compulsion of the wage system all tell the same story, in varying form and in lessening degree. Politically, we have had government as the instrument of exploitation, as the means of dispensing special favors for the governors and their friends—a striking, but no way unusual, instance of which we have just been witnessing. But we need not go into arrangements crystallized into law for examples. Our whole elaborate machinery of race and class discrimination, our Jim Crow provisions, our scheme of social snobbery, our efforts at educational discrimination on the basis of wealth and social status rather than on that of brains and character—our whole social life is shot through with these and like phenomena of privilege whereby we seek to secure for one class or group what we would deny to others. In fact, as one looks at our social arrangements, it is easy to conceive them all as a vast scheme of privilege set up by those who have in order to hold in check the minds of those who have not, and not a few critics have so conceived them.

Such a view is inadequate. More especially, it does not envisage correctly the historic process by which the structure of privilege is crumbled down stone by stone. But such a view does emphasize the danger inherent in every organized scheme of social relations, the task to which every modern community must devote itself, the test to which every group in the community must subject its rights and its scheme of values. For if democracy means anything, it means the most rapid possible extension to all men, according to their capacity, of those possibilities that have heretofore been the property of privileged classes. This means no lunatic leveling, no maudlin sentimentality about a fictitious equality of all men. It does mean that, just as great wealth has already to a large extent become something to be explained and justified by the individual who possesses it, instead of being a badge of honor, so privilege of any character must in time become, not something to be sought after, but something whose possession and exercise is in itself of doubtful righteousness, is in fact to be justified only on the ground of what it contributes to the unprivileged.

It may well be said that such a consummation awaits the far-distant future. So be it. None the less, it is a goal toward which we struggle forward. It is a standard which we may set up to measure our progress. It is a yardstick by which we may indeed in some degree measure our individual conduct. For the most part we cannot escape from our privileges; but we can see whether we are trying to maintain them or to abolish them by universalizing them. We can examine narrowly our thinking to discover whether our interest lies in the enjoyment of those privileges, in the formal correctness of an impeccable personal life within their limits, or whether our thought runs out largely, generously, courageously, fundamentally, to the establishment of conditions in which our privileges will have disappeared. If we have attained to that degree of freedom, then at any rate spiritually we are not partakers in the social sin of privilege. To that extent we have helped create the conditions of social emancipation. In conduct we may indeed still be sharers in the guilt; in spirit and in thought, and in conse-

quence at last analysis in effective action, we have joined the ranks of those for whom earth's disinherited wait. For the conviction that privilege is sin, that that sin is social at bottom, and that only society in its collective action can at last effectively repent and abjure that sin—such a conviction is in these days an essential part of the equipment of those who would individually carry out the great purpose not to be ministered unto but to minister.

H. R. MUSSEY.

Jottings

The year 1924 still has more than three hundred days to run. But we venture to prophesy that not all these three hundred days will see Death smite two such "shining marks" as fell in the first forty days. Lenin and Wilson, dying within a fortnight of each other, will not soon be matched.

And speaking of Lenin and Wilson, here are two "parallel lives" that might well challenge the genius of a second Plutarch.

Japanese men are becoming taller. Half an inch has been added to their average stature, we are told, in the last twenty-years. Here is a serious threat to the United States. Obviously, if we cannot grow, we must increase our army to meet this menace.

We have seen nothing in a long time so excellent as Frank Simon's characterizations of Senator Borah and Secretary Hughes in the *New Republic* (February 6, page 284).

"Mr. Borah has a passion for humanity," says Mr. Simonds. "Mr. Hughes has a passion for principle. If Mr. Borah had happened around instead of the Good Samaritan, the thing would still have happened according to parable. If Mr. Hughes had come along, he certainly would have questioned the victim before notifying the authorities."

Honor to whom honor is due! In all this hullabaloo about the oil scandals, let us remember who is responsible for this investigation and all its saving results for the nation. Chief credit belongs not to the President, least of all to Mr. Daugherty, sworn to protect the nation's interests, not even to Senator Walsh, admirable as his work has been, but to *Senator La Follette* who, by his characteristic vigilance, determination and courage, forced Senatorial inquiry into what was going on.

We have felt from the beginning that Secretary Weeks must sooner or later get entangled in the oil scandals. Now it transpires that he was the man who brought Mr. Denby to President Harding's attention! It was a friendly service, wasn't it?

The *British Weekly* tells us of an organization in England, "To Conquer Hate," defined as a society for serving brethren, which is meeting with enthusiastic support. "It has abolished class distinctions and draws its membership from young manhood over 16 years of age." Evidently another phase of the Youth Movement now so conspicuous in the world!

J. H. H.

A LITANY IN STONE

"The oldest relic of insect life now known is a rather obscure wing found in the grapholite shales of the Upper Ordovician of Sweden." *Chamberlin: Geology, p.* 534.

O thin filmed wing,
O rift of living creature
Within this rock mass lying,
Faint, as if Memory herself had etched thee,
Speaking for thy kinsfolk and thyself,
What wert thou?

Dim ages past,
When rock and stream and mountain
Based their great fabric of our Now,
When men were not,
Nor the progenitors of men,
Thou flittedst, hummed perhaps, and hunted.
Thou, stretching thy antennæ for food,
Beady eyes at outpost for thy prey,
Thy many-prismed gossamers a-thousand hued in sunlight,
At tension against some coming foe,
The fibres of thy tiny feet,
Fine as the fairy pencil with which Titania arched her brows,
Clinging to some blossom,
Some pinky, fragrant blossom wet with dew,
Now lost tenderness of creation's dream,
Thou, lumbering along its calyx, thinking not,
How couldst thou know that the continent beneath thee
Throbbed and beat, and yearning dumbly,
Pressed toward the deep, cool, capable bosom of the sea,
Forefashioning thy grave?

What happened that this wing,
This fragment of thy body,
Of thee alone of all thy kindred, kind,
Was stencilled on this very ancient stone?
Thou wast a little thing for so magnificent a tomb.
Thou canst not know that the letters of thy epitaph are hills,
Grooved by oceans long since gone,
Nor couldst thou know if thou wert here,
Vibrant again with life
As in the fairest of earth's morning,
O winsome waif of earth's childhood,
That two million years and more
Would smooth the turf upon thy coffin,
And that in several million more
The proudest product of our universe, MAN,
Whose strip of life
Compared with thy deep span of death
Is briefer than the intake of thy once tiny breath,
Man would untomb thee from thy grave,
And kneeling,
With his clear mind,
Read as from a litany
The service of the Past.

E. G. P.

The Machine of Europe

It is quite natural that the worshippers of efficiency should speak very slightingly of Europe. Its machinery is in bad shape. Weighted down with mechanisms of its own contriving, Europe is bent double and staggers like a stricken man.

But while the machine of Europe is sick with age, the soul of Europe is very patently athrob with youth. The struggle is youth versus senility, the soul versus the machine.

It would be interesting to step unprepared into this world from another dimension and see with virgin clarity the comic tragedy of the machinery with which apparently sensible human beings have laden themselves.

One has a sense of doing just this thing when he makes his first trip to Europe. The blinders are off. The shock of the unfamiliar destroys habits of thought, —jolts one into consciousness. Ordinary and accepted bits of social machinery seem strange and irrational when clad in their foreign trappings.

Take the piece of machinery we call "money."

The dollar bill looks to an American eye, foreordained. But the German mark note reveals itself as a mere slip of paper, a flimsy human invention. So far, so good. But as one sits in his hotel his mark note rises up on the table before him and says after a surreptitious glance around the room to see whether it is being overheard, "My friend, you have assumed that I am a friend of man. But I must frankly confess to you that I am a criminal and a member of a criminal conspiracy. My colleagues are the Kronen, the Ruble, the Franc, the Pound and the Dollar.

"We are supposed to be allies of civilization, but the truth is that we are the allies of Greed, the perverters of souls to false aims, the accomplices of Poverty and Tragedy and Suicide. We help make wars, we close down factories, we force people to starve in the presence of Plenty."

One starts up in horror. His criminal confidant subsides to its place on the table a torn and worried looking scrap of paper. A daydream? Perhaps. But the confession drives one to reflections that startle.

"Here am I," thinks I, "with marks that I bought with the product of two days' work in America. They will buy me a month's living here. And all because I stepped over an invisible boundary which men call a national line. Have I earned this month's living with two days' work or has this bit of machinery called 'exchange,' which grey beards venerate, made it possible for me to steal food and clothing which I can't even pretend to have earned?"

I pick up a daily paper. "The sudden drop of the mark has increased the suicide rate to forty-nine a day." The criminal confession begins to take on meaning. A young man with his fair German bride starts out in life to save a mark a day out of their slender earnings. The slowly growing roll means stored up life. It stands for a little home in the Bavarian hills in the couple's sunset years. They work, they pinch, they slave. Forty years, hard but lightened by the dream, crawl by. Then with a sardonic laugh the mark tumbles to a millionth of the value of the work they traded for it. They find their wealth worth less than the match with which the old toiler lights his pipe. They are found dead with the gas turned on in the little home which has been the altar of a human sacrifice.

Here is a great city with smokeless stacks and idle men. "No coal, no smoke, no work," I hear. Yonder in England are great piles of coal that beg for buyers. Why? Because a trillion marks will hardly move a ton of it. Because man's machinery has caught him by the throat.

I stroll down Friedrichstrasse. I loiter in cafes on a Saturday night. I see youths and maidens squandering their wages on a single reckless dinner. Their clothes are frayed, their cheeks pallid, their eyes bright with the cognac that they would not drink in normal times. My marks rustle in my pocket. They seem to say, "We sent them here. We're worth a dinner tonight. Next week we'll hardly buy a breakfast."

Russia, Austria, Hungary, Germany,—France very soon, turned from honest thrift to become wastrels over night. Thrift, a king among virtues, crushed between the cogs. There is a machine God on Olympus. Man made him. Man bows down to him. Beneath a cloak of service, he hides the power to murder souls. His name is "Money."

Europe cannot dynamite the machine. For she has so entangled herself that she cannot live without it any more than she can live with it.

She can alter the machine so that there may be some slight chance that it will serve human needs; the stabilized unit, the commodity ruble, perhaps an international currency.

She can build Christian character to operate the machine.

But these are "radical" proposals.

Other machines are mangling the soul of Europe.

The Church is one of them. The famous inscription near the Kremlin, "Religion is the opiate of the people," is written there because Czar religion *has* been the opiate of the people. The German socialist statement that the "Church is the enemy of Democracy, Peace and Justice," was made because the Kaiser Church *has* been the enemy of Democracy, Peace and Justice. Maude Royden, quoted in a recent issue of the *Christian Century* as saying that the "Church of England is the Tory party at prayers," says this, not because she is a rebel, but because the Church of England *has* mirrored, in the by and large, English Toryism.

I talked with Protestant leaders in France. They are stamping with priestly approval the policies of force and narrow nationalism. When liberal Frenchmen state that the clergy are hindering the establishment of a right world order, they are but speaking the truth.

"What else can we try?" says a church leader of the Ruhr venture.

"You might try Christianity," replies a chief of the socialist party in the Chamber of Deputies.

Shall Europe dynamite the church? Hardly. Because from generation to generation it conveys, in spite of itself, the dynamic of the Christ ideal.

Europe can and will democratize the church so that there may be a fighting chance for the Supreme Democrat to enter in.

She can set herself with a kind of consecrated desperation to the discovery of what Christianity really consists. Lest European friends label us Pharisee, let us hasten to add that we are but seeing the American

problem in European terms. It is easier to recognize our sins when other nations commit them.

Another enemy of the European soul is the machinery for the protection of property and privilege. The greatest utterance of the greatest American was to the effect that when the rights of property and the rights of man come into conflict the former must give way. The governments of the world have been largely dedicated to the task of protecting the rights of property against the rights of man.

Let us test this statement.

While the spokesman of the allied governments met at Versailles, the socialists of Germany offered to rebuild the shattered homes of the French peasantry with volunteer labor. French capital saw profitable contracts slipping away. France refused the offer. 300,000 homes and buildings are still in ruins. The interest of the French contractor is intact. The machine did its work. But human beings continue to live in flimsy temporary shacks. The right of the German socialist to present an offering for future peace was crushed and cast aside.

The "Comite des Forges" considers that it needs the Ruhr and the Rhine. Poincaré accommodates it, through the use of a machine that has cost more in five years of "peace," than did the whole French machinery of war. Who pays? Stinnes and the "Comite des Forges"? Not so. The starving workers and rickety children of Germany, the millions whose fathers are unemployed in England, the French peasantry for the next 100 years, and the American farmer. They pay. Poincare is playing checkers with the lives of millions that property may be served.

Step over into Germany. The old machine bureaucracy controls the Reichsbank. Stinnes seeks a huge government loan. The people strive to treble the rate of interest to be charged. The machine thwarts them. Stinnes buys 65% of the German press, steamships, thousands of acres with borrowed money worth millions. He repays in currency not worth the price of a good sized farm. His fortune mounts, protected, until it becomes a black colossos cursing the land. The arteries of the nation have been bled for him and for his kind on both sides of the Rhine. Bled till Germany is white and helpless; till every street is a vein of tragedy.

Step into Russia. Russia owed the Allies money. She refused to pay. Incidentally she could not pay. The machine steps in. It blockades her ports. It attacks her armies. Russia must pay. Allied property rights must be protected. And so there is one year marked on the calendar of Russia when no babies were born into the world because starvation had made her people temporarily sterile. A year when the hospitals in Moscow had no medical supplies. A year when children starved to death before their mothers' eyes or when boys and girls wandered away to join the armies of the Wild Children of Russia whose parents had perished or deserted for lack of bread. Did the soul of America, of Europe, will this crime? No. The Machine had us in its grip.

Brailsford of England writes:—"A prophecy haunts my mind. It is that civilization itself may be undone by this sacred capitalist institution of debt. The hates, the wounds, the private griefs and the public humiliations of the war fade into oblivion. What lives on is this eternal machanism of rent and tribute and interest. Over the debt we cast Russia into outer darkness. For a debt we ruined Germany. Round a debt is now concentrating our quarrel with France. The omens of catastrophe multiply as claim is added to claim."

The machine builds tariff walls. Not that the peoples of earth shall have full access to the fruits of earth, but that regardless of starving multitudes, the rights of manufacturing properties may be protected.

The machine builds military walls. Pershing in Mexico, the armies of the English in South Africa, Egypt, India, France in Algeria, so the bloody story goes. Property must be protected.

The machine whirls with ruthless precision, with metallic disregard for the havoc that it causes. The soul of Europe is tangled in its meshes.

There is the machine of Force.

The world claims it as its Master.

It is afraid to own another Master. Him whose Mastery is love.

One million three hundred thousand more men stand in Arms in France, Belgium, Poland and Czecho-Slovakia, than in 1914. France seeks to build an air fleet that would darken the skies of Europe. Poland takes bread from her children and sells it for poison gas. Czecho-Slovakia builds guns instead of schools. The machine of force has caught them in its belts and gears.

"By force will we protect ourselves against Germany," declares Poincaré.

"By force will we secure Mittel Europa," declared Bismarck.

"By force will we unite pan-Slavdom," declared the Czar.

"By force will we tear up the commercial avenues between Berlin and Bagdad," declared England.

"By force will we give democracy to the world," declared America.

"By force will I restore Italy," declares Mussolini.

"By force alone can justice be won," declares Arthur Brisbane to an audience of ten million Americans.

The machine grinds and roars. The belts rush and the wheels revolve. Iron clashes upon iron.

The soul speaks. Its voice is muffled in the din.

"All they that take the sword shall perish with the sword," said Jesus. For two thousand years the world has had this teaching. It is left for grimy miners in the Ruhr and a benighted Hindu horde to heed it.

The soul of Europe bleeds. It throbs like a wounded thing. The soul that whispers through infant lips. That sings through the summer trees in a melody of lives that are simply lived. That fulfills itself in art and song. That speaks from thatched hamlets and careful fields. That swells like a chorus in the voice of the workers. That rises to heroic utterance in the visions of prophets, of poets, of self forgotten men.

It bleeds and yet it lives. Crushed by the machine it rises again, wounded yet strong. It shall conquer. It is given to us across the sea to help the conquest on. And therefore it is good to live.

JOHN W. HERRING.

Terre Haute, Indiana.

Josefa, the Lithuanian Peasant

It is not the first year that Josefa is serving in a family of a poor Russian nobleman. There is lots of work to do, to wash and iron, to cook, to scrub, to nurse, to mend. Josefa's heart is attached to the family—she loves the children.

In the kitchen. It is a dark winter evening. She holds on her lap her only Sunday dress made out of homespun wool. She fondly pets its rough, stiff folds. She used to put on this pretty dark brown dress when she went to church, then on the solemn occasion of the wedding day of her brother, then again when she went barefoot (to save the shoes) to the city on St. John's Day to see the gay folk at the country fair, the ribbons, sweetmeats, gingerbreads, lovely dishes and bright colored cloths in all the splendor of the sunny mid-day. Josefa hesitates for a while. "What a queer end for such a good dress!" Today while washing the children's clothes she noticed that Michael's pants were torn to pieces but Johnny's were still worse. It made her think of her skirt. Josefa slips into the next room where two little brothers are sleeping, carefully opens the closet and finds a pair of old rompers. Then she spreads her magnificent skirt on the kitchen table, puts the faded rompers on the top of it and slowly calculates how many pairs of pants can be made out of a wide skirt like this one. The time is hard for every one. The master of the house is out of work, the mistress is soon to give birth to a baby. Josefa thinks again, then goes to her little chest, finds in it a pair of old rusty scissors and reverently cuts out two rompers. Till late into the night she stays by the tiny light of a smoky little lamp and sews.

Bitter winter cold. Not a log in the stove. Josefa shivers in her wornout old sheepskin. Her toes are stiff though she wears felt boots. Ten days ago a tiny rosy girl was born. Josefa's mind is troubled. What to do? How to help? The baby has not even a blanket. Suddenly she remembers a treasure. She possesses a shawl, a large pure woolen shawl made out of wool from her own sheep. In a minute she folds the heavy shawl in a square, sews it around and covers the baby's cradle. For a moment the mother turns to Josefa her weary eyes and faintly smiles. She is so used to Josefa's attention. Josefa is not offended that her sacrifices are not appreciated, that nobody pays special attention to her—in her peasant's heart true life-giving unsophisticated love is blooming abundantly.

Many years passed unnoticed, more or less prosperously. Then came a horrid hungry wolf of 1918. 1918 . . . the memory of which is chilling the blood yet, today. Life became a nightmare of a sleepless, hopelessly long night. Starvation is lurking at every turn, people of all ranks desperately dig in the garbage, people fall down from exhaustion on the side walks, there are dead bodies on the streets. Josefa's master died in the cold, over-crowded hospital. The oldest of the girls became a victim of furious typhus. The lady of the house is sick. The oldest boys are at the front. Josefa is busy with the crowd of children. She divides the last loaf of stale black bread. For the youngest she gives the largest slice and her own thin piece she divides among them till a tiny portion which she hardly can hold is left in her hand. With horror Josefa is thinking about that terrible "tomorrow." Her hungry eyes watch the bread, the magic, God-sent, wonderful Bread, the staff of life, precious, strength-giving, beloved Bread . . . . "Give us this day our daily bread." . . . She watches each tiny crumb, each bite of her charges. How hurriedly they swallow, how quick they are, how horribly they push each other, fight enraged and furious, each trying to get a bigger crumb. There is nothing on the bare table, nothing, not even a crumb left from the bread. All of the four children are swollen—all are suffering from scurvy. All have inflamed eyes from smoke and malnutrition. Josefa is trying her best to feed them. She gives them often some soup made of herring's bones, cakes from the cereal coffee remnants after it was used and boiled many times. Sometimes she mixes a handful of flour with potato peelings and makes a pudding. On holidays she makes a repast of boiled frozen potatoes. And there is always some hot water with salt to drink. About this she is very particular because she is sure that this keeps her alive. Sometimes it is hard to prepare even water as there is no fuel. The waterpipes in the kitchen are frozen. Josefa brings the water from the street pump. By and by Josefa breaks and chops the tables, chairs, shelves and bedstands to feed the smoky, greedy little iron stove ironically called *boorgooika*[1]. There is no food to be had in the city. Josefa must go to the villages, miles away, and change there some of the linen or dishes for flour and potatoes of the peasants.

Time rushed swiftly. Josefa's hair became snow-white. For many years she held in her sinewy hands the reins of the family. The children were born, some died, some grew up, some went to the schools, others to the hospital, some to the battlefield, others to the church to be married. Josefa was ever present, always ready to help, to arrange all the affairs; she was the nurse, the cook, the seamstress, the clever adviser, the loving and cheering mother. The life of the family was her own. Somehow she forgot that there was, and not so very far, a little village where she, Josefa, was born—the village with grey houses cozily nestled in the heart of a pine forest. Year after year passed and Josefa had hardly time to fancy about her native land. She was too busy. At last the memory of those remote places became vague. Josefa is in the hospital. After one of the trips to the country she had caught typhus. The fever had left her. She is slowly improving. For the first time in many years she is out of work, "jobless" as she smilingly calls herself. The rest, the hospital silence, the clean comfortable bed, even this forced laziness, are tiresome for her active, used-to-persistent-work nature. She feels a prisoner deprived of freedom. She knows the spring is outside the hospital walls. Bright, sparkling, sunny days follow one another. All the ward is filled with golden rays. Refreshing breezes are blowing and white muslin curtains quiver by the open window like the wings of a frightened angel. Josefa is in slumber. The young nurse with a bunch of fresh lilacs is passing the ward. Josefa's sweet, pallid features call her attention and noiselessly she puts the fragrant branch on the pillow. Josefa blinks her eyes, smiles thankfully, covers her shining face with the lovely blossom and

[1] From French "bourgeois."

drinks in meditatively the aroma, all the memories of the past that it brings. She sees clearly her native land, thick dark pine and fir forests, grey log cabins, the hard working people clad in homespun dresses, colorful gardens around the high crosses by the wayside, glittering gold of nasturtiums, bright red hollyhocks near square little windows and bushes of lilac by the fence in her father's garden. From this minute Josefa longs to go to Lithuania, she longs to see her own native country. She remembers now that she was a peasant and after many years she wishes to start the real work of her life, to plant the vegetables in the garden, to milk the cows, to churn the sweet butter, to spin the flax, to pasture the flock. "It is time to dig and to plant," she is thinking impatiently and wishes with all her substance to leave the hospital. At last the doctor lets her go.

Josefa decided to return to Lithuania. But how? How to reach it in such hard trying times? She heard that folk were going with the *echalons*[2]. This queer word *echalons* had a magic sense. She was fancying day and night how she, Josefa, together with the *echalons* would approach the native village. At last she decided to consult the oldest of her former children. She estimated him most as he was an independent, learned and wealthy man. He was a *spec*[3] employed by the Soviet. Josefa timidly approached him; she was afraid to hurt his feelings, to show herself as an ungrateful beast leaving the family while she might yet be of some use. At last she made a decided effort and frankly related her desire. The well-fed, well-dressed *spec* patiently listened to her confused talk. Then quietly answered: "You, an old, sick, illiterate woman, how and where are you going?" She did not make any reply. Yet he said the truth. She was old, just out of the hospital. She felt overwhelmed, dismayed. Her hands and chin shivered and the tears rushed to her eyes. The *spec* stood in front of her as an incarnation of her fate and invitingly proposed: "Better stay with us and look after my children." Josefa still kept silence. So her dreams were to be ruined, happy hopes to be destroyed. Only now she realized it clearly. Her face became lifeless. Was there no more brave, struggling, ever cheerful Josefa? Something like a protest of a stormy, willing-to-live nature awoke in the depth of her peasant, sturdy, and obstinate Lithuanian soul. "I will ask help from the *Mestkom*[4]," she said firmly and calmly moved away, a little old woman with shrunken grey face and sunken eyes alive with the new fire.

Petrograd. ALINA HUEBSCH.

[2] Companies of refugees returning to their native places. Certain sanitary precautions were taken purposely for them.

[3] A short name for a specialist of some branch of knowledge.
[4] The committee of the place where one is employed or living.

Dr. Hale Twenty Years Ahead

The executive committee of the Federal Council of Churches, which in its twenty-nine denominations has over twenty million Protestants of the country, has just issued a general appeal to the churches for service in the field now most imperatively claiming attention. Among its recommendations in line of international duty, it urges that every church should create a special committee on International Good Will. This is a noble and necessary recommendation. In urging it the Federal Council is only twenty years behind Edward Everett Hale. Half a dozen years ago before he died in 1909, Dr. Hale declared that no modern church, in view of the international needs and problems of the time, was a properly organized Christian church, or was doing its duty, which did not have among its regular committees, one on International Justice. Suiting his action to his word as he always did, he created such a committee in his church, the South Congregational Church of Boston. I believe this was the first such committee in the world.

A little later, probably inspired by Dr. Hale's word, Mrs. Frank W. Williams of the first Unitarian Church of Buffalo prompted the organization of such committees in a dozen or twenty churches in Buffalo and I have no doubt these organizations are still continuing their good work. There is no other city in the country whose churches were so early or so well organized for this service as the churches of Buffalo, through Mrs. Williams' remarkable campaign. If the Federal Council succeeds in bringing the other cities of the country up to Buffalo, it will do well.

This was not the only peace movement in which Dr. Hale was twenty years ahead of the time. The chief campaign of the Federal Council of Churches this winter is for the World Court. At the first Mohonk Conference for International Arbitration in 1895, the feature of the conference was a great speech by Dr. Hale demanding the establishment of a Permanent International Tribunal. He came to the conference the next year and the next with what he called "the same old speech." These three memorable addresses are all included in the volume of Dr. Hale's Mohonk addresses published by the World Peace Foundation.

Dr. Hale was not talking in 1895 about a court of arbitration such as was established by the first Hague Conference four years later. He was talking about an International Court of Justice like that which Elihu Root recently helped organize at the Hague, which President Harding in his last words urged the United States to join and which President Coolidge in his recent message to Congress endorsed as the only practicable plan. Dr. Hale said that the United States by virtue of its own organization and spirit and tradition would be the first nation to adhere to such a court. He could hardly believe it were he to come back and learn that it would be almost the last and that half of our politicians in Washington today were engaged in schemes on petty technical grounds to thwart President Coolidge and Secretary Hughes in their effort to have the nation do its duty in the matter. Only some solemn word like that of William Vaughn Moody's "An Ode in Time of Hesitation" * or William Gannett's equally inspired "America at the Peace Congress" could do justice to the situation. LUCIA AMES MEAD.

* Published in the *Atlantic*.

If Christ Came Back!

[This article is sent to us by a friend who writes: "The author is a prominent business man of Denver. . . . It seems to me that his ironical contention that Christ and Christianity have moved forward (!) is effectively put. The article was written, he says, in 1916. He is of the same mind as when he wrote it."—J. H. H.]

Christ and War are probably the two most conspicuous topics in the minds of people throughout the civilized world, although it has been two thousand years since Christ has been seen in person.

Christianity is the most proclaimed if not the most lived thought in the universe, but within the last year War has equaled if it has not surpassed Christianity in the minds of men and women.

Some people are advocating peace on the basis that peace is the foundation of Christianity. They seem to forget that in these two thousand years great progress has been made. Today messages are sent and received a thousand miles away as distinctly and clearly as if they had been spoken in one's presence. Where some weapon then would have fallen harmless if the enemy were a thousand feet away, today death would result even if he were ten miles away; formerly scores were killed in battle, today hundreds,—yes, thousands are swept down by stifling gases.

And so we could go on to a tiresome end showing the progress in science, art and learning, and in every line except Christianity. People seem to believe that Christ has stood still all this time. If He was the "fairest among ten thousand" twenty centuries ago—and He has lived more in the minds of the people during that time than any human being—then why should we not expect that if He returned today He would during that time have reached the same degree of progress and advancement that we have? Why would He not be *as courageous, as patriotic, as loyal* and freedom-loving a citizen as we are instead of the personification of meekness and humility that we picture Him?

Today in this strenuous age we cannot believe in the sympathetic, benevolent doctrine of "Charity suffereth long and is kind; vaunteth not itself; is not puffed up . . . *seeketh not her own* . . . endureth all things . . . Before *honor* is *Humility.*"

In this age we are anxious to crush, to dominate, and not to be "pacifists—cowards." If He were on the cross today, in the light of such a doctrine of domination, He would not turn to those who were persecuting Him, to those who were crucifying Him, a kindly face and loving thought. He would not say, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." No, in this advanced Christianity His last words would have been such as to instill into the hearts of His friends courage and patriotism; He would have urged them on to hatred and to battle and to revenge for His crucifixion.

Christianity has advanced in two thousand years; we have made progress. Christians no longer apply that beautiful doctrine of Christ that if you are slapped on one cheek, turn the other. No! Today, even before the cheek is struck, the enemy's hand is thrust aside and, if possible, cold lead and death are the penalty because a country's *honor* must be protected.

We are a Christian people but we have improved, we have modified, we have clarified Christ's teachings, we have progressed in our Christianity. If Christ should come tomorrow, we could give Him many evidences of how His religion has grown and progressed under our two thousand years of custodianship. I doubt if He would recognize His simple, homely, loving, forgiving Christianity carried on on the basis of "great peace have they who love the Law, for nothing *shall offend them,*" with our sensitive, arrogant, domineering spirit.

We realize that our nation—the nation that speaks—is the greatest nation in the world (it is the nation, and the only nation that Christ would protect). *We* are always right, but right or wrong, we should win.

Quite a different doctrine from what Christianity was then! We can picture Christ returning in the twentieth century. In the glorious patriotism of our soul we can see Him inspired by the great loyalty and patriotism of our citizenship. We can see Him shake off his mantle of gentleness and love and forgiveness under the influence of the Christianity of today, grab up gun and crowd on to battle. Imagine Christ leading hundreds of thousands of men—mothers' sons—to battle to be shot down in the great cause of patriotism! Imagine Christ aiming the cannon and firing it into the enemy, destroying thousands of men, women and children, and then imagine Christ's face lighting up with exultation that the enemy had been, at least, to that extent, defeated!

Oh! What a great victory every country would have—every Christian country—if Christ should return, because He, of course, would fight for *His own* and with Christ on their side, how could they fail—with this modern bloodthirsty Christianity?

If Christ should come today instead of preaching, "Blessed are the meek; for they shall inherit the earth," He could say, "Stand aside, you meek and traitorous 'Mollycoddles'; give us men of fighting caliber." He could not say as He said two thousand years ago, "Blessed are the peace makers; for they shall be called the children of God," but He would say,

"Blessed are they who make strife and war.

"Blessed are they who build up great armaments and protect their country—right or wrong.

"Blessed are they who jeopardize the lives of a hundred million Americans for the sake of a few reckless souls who have risked their lives on a few ships.

"Blessed are they for exercising their right even if by so doing they involve a peaceful nation in war.

"Blessed are the Americans who would throw us into battle to protect them.

"Blessed are the men who for the honor of this country would have countless thousands of men, women and children killed because there is something worse than war. (What that something is no one has been able to mention for all the horrors they mention as worse than war are incidents of every war.)

"Blessed is the country that manufactures instruments of war to multiply the mortality of our brothers and sisters in foreign lands."

But, my friends, in conclusion, is it not best that Christ has not returned? Must the beautiful thought of what Christ has typified through all these years be obliterated? In times of peace it is consoling to many. Would we, if we could, or, should we, for the sake of temporary success, blot out this beautiful character that is the ideal even of the Jew; an ideal because He was so non-resistant, so, what we call, unpatriotic? He is idealized because of His gentleness and His loving kindness and especially because of His humility, His simplicity, His democracy—His Love. Let us keep the vision.

D. C. BURNS.

The Great Muddle

When the church historians of the future write about the present decade, they undoubtedly will refer to it as "The Period of the Great Muddle." No other phrase perhaps will better characterize the swamp of ambiguity and misunderstanding into which "the brethren" have wandered. Churchmen, lay and clerical, cherish conflicting opinions about the correct path to safety. Different interpretations of the same religious phenomenon—or lack of it—clutter the ecclesiastical market. Clarity of thought, the jewel of great price, is needed sorely. Especially is it needed when the supreme act of "the good life" tends to be "retiring under a cloud of words" and "playing safe."

The need is sharply manifested by the straddling position of the modernists. Either consciously or unconsciously they are trying to ride two horses at the same time—supernaturalism and naturalism, or tradition and science, or monarchy and democracy, or authority and freedom. Their position is awkward. It is a compromise and befogs the real issues.

The real struggle is between the outlook and knowledge of the Middle Ages and the outlook and knowledge of the present age. The modernists are attempting a reconciliation of these two outlooks. The contents of the two world-views are incompatible, hence it is that confusion and ambiguity exist. As well try to put together the proverbial lion and lamb as to put together tradition and science, authority and freedom, and supernaturalism and naturalism. If modernism persists in that optimistic endeavor—and it undoubtedly will after it defeats fundamentalism—then the next step in religious progress will be a conflict between modernism and liberalism, or, if you please, humanism. That combat promises to be far more basic and revolutionary than the present one.

To help in the clarification of positions and issues, the following brief comparative table has been arranged. The phrases in quotation have been used by fundamentalists and modernists semi-officially:

FUNDAMENTALIST	MODERNIST	LIBERAL
1. The earth is central and primary in the cosmos; selected by God as a chosen body, as Israel was a chosen race.	1. The earth is central and primary in the cosmos; selected by God as a chosen body, as Israel was a chosen race.	1. The earth is only one of numberless bodies in the cosmos; no more selected than the Eskimos are a chosen people.
2. Man is a result of special creation, hence especially favored.	2. Man is an outcome of evolution but especially favored in the process.	2. Man is a product of evolution but not especially favored; progress dependent upon him, not on divine providence nor evolution left to itself.
3. Christianity is *the* religion; all other religions are false.	3. Christianity the best of all religions, but other religions have good elements.	3. Christianity *a* religion among religions, all having good and bad elements.
4. The Christian Bible is the infallible literal word of God. Other bibles invalid.	4. The Christian Bible is not infallible. Must not be read literally; has errors but "contains God's word." Other bibles good but not valid.	4. The Christian Bible is the literary expression of religious history and experiences of certain people, the same as other bibles; hence no more valid than the Koran, the Vedas, etc.
5. "Jesus Christ is *The* Son of God in a sense in which no other is."	5. "Jesus Christ is *a* son of God in a sense that *all* men are."	5. Jesus Christ is a son of God like every other human, but sonship depends upon definition of God.
6. "The birth of Jesus was supernatural."	6. "The birth of Jesus was natural."	6. The birth of Jesus was natural. So, too, that of Gotama, etc.
7. "The death of Jesus was expiatory."	7. "The death of Jesus was exemplary."	7. The death may be exemplary but no more so than death of other leaders.
8. "Man is a sinner, fallen from original righteousness and apart from God's redeeming grace, hopelessly lost."	8. "Man is the unfortunate victim of environment and heredity but through self-culture," especially inspired by Jesus, "can make good."	8. Man is the product of heredity and environment, and by the use of intelligence and science can improve his lot.
9. "Man is justified by Faith in the atoning blood of Christ. Result, supernatural regeneration from *above*."	9. "Man is justified by Works in following Christ's example. Result—Natural development from *within*."	9. Man is "justified" by works in following the best knowledge and ideals. Result—natural development from *within* and *without*.
10. Biblical ethics sufficient, especially Ten Commandments and Sermon on the Mount.	10. Biblical ethics sufficient, especially Ten Commandments and Sermon on the Mount. Man lacks will.	10. Man needs new ethical insight and also a technique for application of moral ideals now known.
11. Thought centers around God. Theocentric.	11. Thought divided between God and man. Theo-homocentric.	11. Thought centers around man. Homocentric.
12. The life after death necessary. This life is a preparation for the hereafter.	12. Life after death and this life equal in consideration.	12. This life primary. One world at a time. Agnostic toward immortality.
13. No freedom to interpret creeds. Monarchical. Authoritative. Dogmatic.	13. Freedom to interpret creeds. Limited authority.	13. No creed but the sanctity of individual judgment and "the authority of evidence." Democracy. Freedom. Undogmatic.
14. Supernaturalism.	14. Supernatural naturalism.	14. Naturalism.

EARL F. COOK.

CORRESPONDENCE

AN OPEN LETTER TO DR. ELIOT

President Samuel A. Eliot,
The American Unitarian Association,
Boston, Mass.

Dear Dr. Eliot:

As President of the American Unitarian Association you are the official head of the Unitarian denomination of which I am a minister. I beg leave to ask you to consider the proposal that our fellowship undertake to lead the Christian churches of America in the total repudiation of war.

I am impelled to address you thus by a remarkable editorial in the current (Jan. 31) *Christian Century*, the gist of which appears in the clarion call: "Let the churches outlaw war without waiting for the state." I quote a paragraph:

"What is there the churches can do as churches? To the plain man the answer is clear. Let them as churches have done with war! If war is the collective sin they say it is, let them collectively quit participating in the sin! If war should be outlawed, as they say, let them be the first to outlaw it by withdrawing from it spiritual sanction and putting it under the ban! Let the preachers repentantly resolve that they will never again put Christ in khaki or serve as recruiting officers or advisory enforcers of conscription laws! Let the church assemblies serve notice upon the state that henceforth as corporate bodies they will not support war or permit their buildings to be used for its promotion. Let the 'secular arm' know that war-making must henceforth be done outside the house of the Lord, and because it is the division of the body of God must be done without the support of prayer, sermon or sacrament!"

"Let some denominational body take this stand." Why not the Unitarian body? I covet this honor for our fellowship. We have the opportunity to become the moral vanguard of the Christian church in America. Will you help us to improve it?

There are various favorable conditions. Our denomination is small in number, unified in organization, well equipped with the means for conducting an intensive educational campaign in its churches. The *Christian Register* is an adequate medium of access to the Unitarian constituency which no doubt is open to you. As compared with the numerically great denominations we are homogeneous. And the characteristics we have in common are superior. In education, thoughtfulness, and in economic condition Unitarian congregations are well above the average in other bodies. Unitarian ministers are as a group more scholarly and more independent in their thinking—if one of them may be excused for saying it!—than the ministers of any other fellowship.

The repudiation of war requires enlightenment, clear thinking, not exceptional goodness. The fallacy which justifies defensive war while condemning aggressive war must be exposed. The distinction between policing and war must be made clear. The grim reality that war is, namely, collective homicide accompanied by every lesser iniquity, must be substituted in men's minds for the idealism and the heroic devotion that the word "war" now connotes. In no other denomination can this necessary enlightenment be effected more easily and quickly than in ours.

It is matter of denominational pride among us that our history contains numerous names of moral as well as theological pioneers. The great tradition of Channing, Parker, Emerson and Hale summons us to be foremost in the supreme moral enterprise of our generation, the abolition of war. To this we should devote our utmost energy, not waste it in tilting at Fundamentalist wind-mills.

We have a leader against war who is worthy of the goodly succession. I mean Charles F. Dole, long recognized as one of our major prophets. During the war he did not receive a fair hearing in the body to which he had brought honor for many years. The *Christian Register* was closed to him. The intolerance of those mad years has largely gone. Our people, both ministers and laymen, are ready now, I believe, to give heed to Dr. Dole's message. Here is the substance of it:

"A resolve for any honest man: I will never talk about the Fatherhood of God or the Brotherhood of Man and at the same time justify or support war. I will not profess the religion of the Golden Rule, and make excuses for killing my fellow-men. I will do one thing or the other. But I will not pretend to do both. I will not play the part of a hypocrite."

"We are tired of the old story: everyone says he 'hates war.' Tell us that you are through with it; tell it so that every man in the Washington Government will wake up and take notice; tell us that you have chosen a new loyalty, that you stand to make the way of violence odious and impossible, and to open up the beautiful way of good will. Tell people to dismiss their soldiers and scrap their war-ships and spend no more of the wages of labor on the apparatus of destruction. Bid them not to wait for other nations to do these things, but to be brave enough to lead the way and show the others how to proceed. Is there no place for splendid ventures in our modern world?"

I believe that investigation would show that in proportion to our number more Unitarian ministers were pacifists in wartime than could be found in any other denomination. Certain Unitarian churches compelled their ministers who were opposed to war to resign, but such churches are already ashamed. Unitarian ministers who believed that the war would end war forever if our side proved victorious now freely confess that they were badly fooled and affirm that they will never support war again.

Of course the Friends have always condemned war. How their record shines in comparison with ours as the time from 1917 to the present is reviewed! But we have an opportunity to do something for peace that they can not do. That they would be true, with some individual exceptions, to their tradition was taken for granted. Their testimony was discounted by the fact that it was only what was expected. The like is true of the testimony they now bear. But for the Unitarians as a body to declare against war would be something dramatic to which all Christian bodies would give heed. It would mean repentance on our part. It would weigh more heavily with other Christian fellowships than anything the Friends can say. Similarly, repudiation of war by yourself, who, when our country entered the homicidal madness, assured us ministers confidently that it was "a war to end war forever," would be more influential with many than anything that Dr. Dole could say.

The record of the Unitarians as it now stands does us injustice. The intolerance of pacifist sentiments at our May meetings is widely known, and the refusal year after year even to ask amnesty for the men in federal prisons for expressing anti-war opinions was not creditable to us. Last May, thank God, we did do as much as that! The tide has turned. We are now a long way from that state of mind which made it possible for the Directors of the American Unitarian Association to vote (April 9, 1918) "that any society which employs a minister who is not a willing, earnest, and outspoken supporter of the United States in the vigorous and resolute prosecution of the war cannot be considered eligible for aid from the Association."

A pacifist is Prime Minister of England! That is an inspiring thing to say. The American Unitarians have declared that they are done with war! That would be inspiring news. How soon can it be said with truth?

Sincerely yours,

Brookline, Mass., Feb. 2, 1924. HENRY W. PINKHAM.

ARMENIANS STILL SUFFERING

Dear Mr. Holmes:

Many thanks for your kind letter of Dec. 4th. I do not deserve the praise you give me, for it was only natural I should have thought (as I surveyed Yokohama turned into a desert) of the horrors the Armenians had endured in the Mesopotamian deserts where they had been driven to die frightful deaths of lingering torture: the camera does not lie and I had seen photographs of the living skeletons lying naked on the stones and sand of the deserts. In comparison to their sufferings ours were indeed light.

But out of that Turkish inferno there are some survivors and we are now trying to bring some amelioration to their hard condition; it is nine years since the war but the Armenians are still suffering as no other people have suffered, and if they had one ounce of justice given to them by great Christian governments they would not need a ton of charity.

The Danish missionary lady, Miss Karen Jeppe of Aleppo, in her report dated October 6th, 1923, writes of these miserable survivors of the hideous Turkish atrocity of 1915:

"As soon as they find a resting place they begin to work. Even in the most desperate circumstances they seem to be able to earn somehow their living. Here in Aleppo, for instance, where thousands and thousands of Armenian refugees have recently settled down, you hardly find one Armenian beggar, but in the tiniest corner, too small for a dog, you will see a man mending old shoes or cutting combs, or a woman doing needle

THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do good is my Religion"

THE DISCIPLES' CREED

The following statement in the form of a creed was written by one in deep distress over the conflict now going on in the churches over differences about what seem to him unessential doctrines in the creeds, absorbing the time and energy of the churches in appalling measure, at an hour when the suffering world is crying for the practical application of the teaching and spirit of Christ as never before. He pondered anew upon the historic creeds, the Apostles' Creed so-called (the Apostles never heard of it; it was written centuries after them) and the Nicene Creed, around which the battle rages in the Episcopal church especially. They were the official creeds of millions, in many churches, who are carrying on this devastating controversy, while half Europe, stretching out her hands to us, is in chaos and millions of her people are starving. What was the matter? It came to him in a flash. How was it possible that he had never thought of it before, that he had not thought of it all the time, when in the past, with his fellow Christians, he had gone on reciting the creed, in language foreign and unreal to the religious life and thought of almost all of them? The creed was *absolutely silent about the life of Christ.* It passes directly from his birth to his death.—"He was born of the Virgin Mary; suffered under Pontius Pilate; was crucified, dead and buried"—with no word whatever concerning himself, his teaching, his good works, his love and influence and presence among men. It was incredible.

Such were "the creeds of Christendom," in proportion and in purport the very perversion of the gospels; and we are now seeing what, perpetuated beyond the age when they were honest and the best that men could say, they have brought us to.

What is the cure? The cure is *the life of Christ.* If contending Christendom would pause and seriously contemplate the life of Christ, the life of Moscow and Berlin, of Paris and London, of New York and Chicago must surely be transformed. The great miracle, when the talk is of miracles, is that Christ's gospel has survived at all, and survived with growing clearness and power, in the hands of millions of contentious, bigoted and blind apostles. It is because of other and multiplying millions of disciples who have had hearts to love, minds to reason and eyes to see. Christ's religion is not simply a sermon, although the greatest of sermons, but a life. Our Bible itself is not chiefly, like other Bibles, moral disquisition, but history and biography; and this is conspicuously true of the gospels. The theological world has written and recited creeds; but Christ "wrought with human hands the creed of creeds." There is nothing but this life, nothing but the spirit of Christ, that can save the world today. If some Christians will still have a creed, let it be the simple story in brief outline of Christ's life, not in the language of Nicaea, but in the words of Christ himself and his disciples.

With this thought there came at once to the writer the expression. It wrote itself. He lets his friends print it, in the hope that a thought which helped him, may help others. He called it the Disciples' Creed; but every true disciple is an apostle, and the primary duty of the Church is the missionary duty.

I believe in God, the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth; in whom we live and move and have our being.

And in Jesus Christ, His Son, our Lord; who was born of Mary; grew up with the poor and with the prophets, increasing in wisdom and in favor with God and man; was baptized with the Holy Spirit; was tempted as we are, yet overcame temptation; called all men to repent, and to follow him in love of God and of their neighbor; he went about with his disciples doing good; he showed men the Father; healed the sick; gave peace to the troubled; and preached the gospel of the Kingdom of God, whose field is the world. He was hated by priests and Pharisees, was persecuted and crucified. His spirit rose, and liveth and worketh evermore.

I believe in the Holy Spirit of truth, the Comforter, which shows the ways of God to men, and will guide us into all truth.

I believe in the Holy Church of the disciples and friends of Christ, who shall bear this truth, peace and good will to all mankind; in the communion of saints; the forgiveness of sins; and the life eternal.

250 INTRANSIGEANTS

[*The Arbitrator* has recently sent out a questionnaire to "250 Intransigeants" (defined as "those opposed to the existing order"). We print the names herewith as a kind of index to Who's Who in the Kingdom of God.—J. H. H.]

Leonard D. Abbott
Jane Addams
Felix Adler
Florence E. Allen
George W. Anderson
John B. Andrews
Mary Austin

Ray Stannard Baker
Roger N. Baldwin
Harry Elmer Barnes
Charles A. Beard
Bernard Iddings Bell
Toscan Bennett
Allan L. Benson
Victor Berger
Herbert S. Bigelow
Alexander M. Bing
Alice Stone Blackwell
Katherine D. Blake
Paul Blanchard
Heber Blankenhorn
Harriott S. Blatch
Bruce Bliven
S. John Block
William E. Borah
Ella Boynton
Louis D. Brandeis
Paul Brissenden
Smith W. Brookhart
Heywood Broun
Wm. Montgomery Brown
Howard Brubaker
Henry Bruere
Robert Bruere
William C. Bullitt
Witter Bynner

Richard C. Cabot
Abraham Cahan
Alexander Cairnès
Arthur Capper
J. McKeen Cattell
Thomas L. Chadbourne
Zechariah Chafee
Stuart Chase
Parley P. Christensen
Percival Chubb
Evans Clark
Sarah N. Cleghorn
William F. Cochrane
Lincoln Colcord
George W. Coleman
McAllister Coleman
Stoughton Cooley
Algernon S. Crapsey
Herbert Croly

H. W. L. Dana
Margaret Daniels
Jerome Davis
Eugene V. Debs
Jerome De Hunt
Solon De Leon
Mary Ware Dennett
Albert De Silver
Edward T. Devine
John Dewey
Durant Drake
W. E. B. Du Bois
Stephen P. Duggan
Will Durant

Walter Pritchard Eaton
John Lovejoy Elliott
Charles A. Ellwood
Charles Ervin
Eliz. Glendower Evans

Charles P. Fagnani
Mary Fels
Edward A. Filene
John A. Fitch
Louise Adams Floyd
Julia Ellsworth Ford
Harry E. Fosdick
Raymond B. Fosdick
Glenn Frank
Felix Frankfurter
Lynn J. Frazier
James P. Frear
David Friday

Zona Gale
Lewis S. Gannett
Gilson Gardner
Kate Crane Gartz
Herbert Adams Gibbons
Charlotte Perkins Gilman
Percy S. Grant
Ernest H. Gruening

Francis Hackett
Lynn Haines
Bolton Hall
Hutchins Hapgood
Norman Hapgood
William Hard
Florence J. Harriman
Joseph K. Hart
Carleton J. H. Hayes
John R. Haynes
Arthur C. Hays
Sidney Hillman

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work. After a time they have found a better corner, the rags are replaced by decent clothing, they begin to live.

"No wonder that the native population is in a way afraid of them, they will outdo them all if they are not driven away again into exile."

Now I ask, why should the Armenians have been driven away from Armenia, their own country, their homeland for nearly four thousand years? Why should they not have given to them even a small portion of their own country, freed from the murderous accursed Turkish domination, where they could live and work in peace and find happiness?

By the terms of the Sèvres Treaty and President Wilson's delineation a small portion of their country was supposedly given to them; that was in August, 1920. It was considered a grand act of tardy justice, for which we were all thankful and over which we all rejoiced. But every Treaty in Europe is "a scrap of paper," and our joy was short-lived, for with sinews of war supplied by France the Turks were able not only to violate the terms of the Sèvres Treaty, but also to enter into the territory of the little Armenian republic which the Armenians had established in the extreme north of Armenia, to devastate and destroy the country, to plunder and massacre the people.

Now we hear that the Chester Concession has vanished into thin air. It was to be expected! Cain cannot till the ground that is strewn with the bones of Abel, the spade would break in the act of digging. This world is nothing else but a passing show. That is true! Abel is murdered and his blood sinks into the earth and nobody cares. That also is true! But nevertheless it is true that Cain does not prosper.

We are told now that neither Europe nor America will loan the Turkish government money. The Greeks and Armenians were driven out of their home-lands, and Christendom has now awakened to the fact that the bees have left the hive and the drones do not make the honey.

And Lausanne! What a record in the annals of Christian history! The representatives of Christendom scurrying like rats before a vile miscreant of a Turk! A sight over which the angels in heaven must have wept while the devils in hell did split their sides with laughter. And all that degradation of Christendom for nothing.

If you will kindly publish this letter of mine in UNITY, I shall be greatly obliged to you. Let the American people know the truth.

With cordial greetings and all good wishes, I am,

Yours very sincerely,

DIANA AGABEG APCAR.

Morris Hillquit
Clarence G. Hoag
Richard W. Hogue
John Haynes Holmes
Oliver Wendell Holmes
J. A. H. Hopkins
Prince Hopkins
Frederic C. Howe
Benjamin W. Huebsch
Alice Riggs Hunt

Charles H. Ingersoll
Frederic F. Ingram
Inez Haynes Irwin
Will Irwin

Alvin Johnson
F. Ernest Johnson
Hiram W. Johnson
James Weldon Johnson
Magnus Johnson
Paul Jones
David Starr Jordan

Helen Keller
Florence Kelley
Paul U. Kellogg
William Kent
Julius Kespohl
Freda Kirchwey
George W. Kirchwey
Mary B. Knoblauch
Alfred A. Knopf

Edwin F. Ladd
Robert M. LaFollette
Harry W. Laidler
Winthrop D. Lane
Julia Lathrop
W. Jett Lauck
Agnes Brown Leach
Algernon Lee
Charles H. Levermore
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Adolph Lewisohn
Frederic J. Libby
Ben B. Lindsey
Henry R. Linville
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Judah L. Magnes
Dudley Field Malone
Basil M. Manly
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Anne Martin
Everett Dean Martin
James H. Maurer
Francis J. McConnell
Allen McCurdy
James G. McDonald
Mary E. McDowell
Alexander Meiklejohn
J. Howard Melish
Henry L. Mencken
Christina Merriman
Charles Merz
Lewis Mumford
Henry R. Mussey
A. J. Muste
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Amos Pinchot
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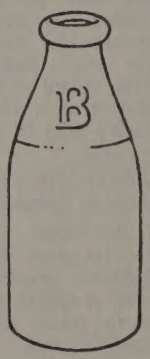

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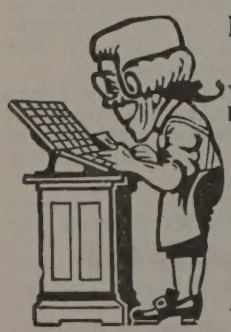

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